

# THE PACIFIC

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Pacific Theological Sem



Volume LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 18, 1902

Number 51.

## Near to All Watchful Eyes.

THEY brought to the cradle their gifts of gold,  
The gems of Araby sweet,  
And scattered them where the stars had rolled  
Round the Babe of Bethlehem's feet.

They had marched by night 'neath the diademed sky  
From the mountain-peaks afar;  
But why did the heathen first descry  
The light of the Golden Star?

O mystery of the night of bliss,  
Fair nights of the Golden Star!  
The Lord is love, and the world is his,  
And all nations his children are.

Or whether he holds or breaks his seals,  
He is near to all watchful eyes,  
And to those on the mountain tops reveals  
The messages of the skies.

—Hesekiah Butterworth.



# THE PACIFIC

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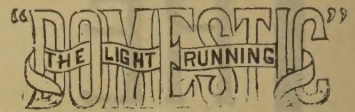
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# THE PACIFIC

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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, December 18, 1902

## The Christmas Thought.

"What is the thought of Christmas? Giving.  
What is the hope of Christmas? Living.  
What is the joy of Christmas? Love.  
No silver or gold is needed for giving  
If the heart is filled with Christmas love,  
For the hope of the world is kin 'ly living,  
Learned from the joy of God above."

Jesus of Nazareth was the world's Christmas gift, and more and more as the years go by is the world seeing in him the one to be desired above all others. In vain have men and women looked into the open heavens for any satisfying message from other lips. In him alone are rest and satisfaction, and so at his feet at this Christmas time will be opened up treasures of gold and frankincense and myrrh. When he was here upon the earth he said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Gradually has he been doing that, and everywhere throughout the world today more hearts are giving him allegiance than ever before. Christ's spirit pervades life and controls action more widely and more thoroughly than at any time in the past; and past and present presage still more glorious conditions for the future. The path along the world's upward way is a hard path often, but it is upward; and for the joy and blessedness that are to come humanity endures and will endure the hardness of the way. It was for the joy that was set before him that Christ endured.

There was organized a few days ago in Chicago an association of employers through which it is hoped to settle many of the disputes which arise there between labor and capital. Mr. F. W. Job, who has been chairman of the state board of arbitration, has been called to the secretaryship. Mr. Job is popular with the union men and has shown great ability in reconciling contending interests, and will undoubtedly have considerable influence in bringing labor and capital more into co-operation. The Inter-Ocean says: "The phenomenal growth of labor unions in the past year has awakened many large employers to the necessity of recognizing the unions and bargaining with their employees collectively. With the employers thoroughly organized they will be in a position either to cope or co-operate with the unions, but the latter object is desired."

Mr. Job's duties will be those of a labor commissioner with the authority to act for employers in any dispute which may arise between them and workingmen. It is said that many of the large employers of labor do not object to labor unions as such, but desire to be relieved from the necessity of consulting with committees for the reason that they cannot when thus burdened give proper attention to business; and the man who succeeds in business now-a-days has to give to it close and undivided attention. The unions regard the movement with favor, saying that most of the strikes have occurred because the employers refused to deal with their employees except as individuals; and that it is immaterial who confers with them, whether an employer or an accredited representative. The collective, and not the individual bargaining is what they desire. It is to be hoped that all that Chicago employers hope for from this federation may be realized, and that it may spring into such popularity there as to lead to similar federations all over the country. There is great need everywhere today of the recognition of these two facts: first, that labor has not in many instances had its just share, that it is not in many instances having it today; and second, that in the pressure that is being brought to bear now to improve the condition of the workingman there is great danger that thousands of men in business will not be able to make readjustments, but will be driven out of business or into bankruptcy. This is a matter which deserves the serious consideration of everybody.

One has but to hear a sermon from the Rev. Dr. E. W. Work, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley, to be made to realize that his coming is a marked acquisition to the Christian forces on the Pacific Coast. It was the privilege of the present writer to hear his discourse on the "Woman of Samaria," in the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland last Sunday morning. It was one which will abide with all who heard it and inspire to right living. The sermon was expository and practical, a species not so frequent latterly as it once was, but the favorite with those princes of the pulpit—Drs. William M. Taylor, Joseph Parker and Alexander McLaren. Such preaching exalts the Scriptures, and the preacher who gives it proper place in his pulpit work leaves the impression



that he comes before the people with a transcendent message—an impression not so easy to make with some of the other species of sermons, especially with those in which the speaker gets away from his text almost as soon as he gets to it.

### Notes.

With the number issued this month *The Spanish Evangel*, which has been published bi-monthly for several years in the interests of the missionary work among the Spanish-speaking people of Southern California, will cease publication. Arrangements have been made with *The Pacific* for the publication from time to time of such information concerning that work as may be deemed of interest and value in the furtherance of the same.

A large number of Rev. William Rader's books, "The Elegy of Faith," have been sold in San Francisco. This book, a study of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," will add worth and beauty to the poem for all who read it. And who has not read or does not read "In Memoriam," which Mr. Rader aptly terms all men's poems," saying, "Tennyson voices the common experience of suffering humanity. The tears in Memoriam are our tears. The victory is our victory. We claim the doubts as our doubts, and seize upon the faith as our faith."

In a recent number of the *Plymouth Herald*, the Rev. Dr. Temple, pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle, speaks of the Pacific as follows: "The Pacific has strong claims upon the churches on this coast, because it gives a great deal of space to their interests. By reading its columns you are sure to know what is going on Congregationally here. The reports of our associations are full and always interesting. Articles of local writers are continually appearing. The pastor has been writing a series of articles called "Blue Monday Papers," in the Pacific for years. They have been unavoidably interrupted the last year, but have begun again and will continue monthly hereafter. Rev. W. W. Ferrier, the editor, is working vigorously to make the Pacific a paper of sterling quality, and he is succeeding. Let our people appreciate, and show their appreciation of his efforts by increasing materially the subscription list in the parish."

A few years ago a reduction was made in the subscription price of the *Christian Register* from \$3 to \$2, with the hope that it would cause a large increase in the number of subscribers. That hope was not realized, and the publishers announce now that on the first of January the price will be advanced to \$3 once more. It should be said that those who were responsible for the conduct of the paper were divided in opinion as to the wisdom or unwisdom of the reduction. But it became inevitable that they should make the experiment, for there was somewhat of a clamor for it. Every person having had to do with the management of a religious paper can thoroughly appreciate this. It required a long time for the present writer to stop the calls for a reduction in the subscription price of the Pacific, and to show that a reduction would be fatal to the success of the enterprise. The facts are that the Pacific had as many subscribers at \$2.50 a year as it has had at \$2, and the very year that the reduction was made from \$2.50 to \$2, the hard trials of the paper began. The reduction brought no permanent increase in the number of subscribers and it resulted in an actual loss of many hundreds of dollars.

## The Religious World

A Chinese Baptist church of 13 members was organized recently in Seattle. It is said that there are about 700 Chinese in Seattle.

The second number of the *Pacific Presbyterian* was issued the first week in December. It was a newsy number and brought expressions from many of the hope that the required number of subscribers would be secured and the success of the enterprise speedily secured.

In his advent address to the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, Bishop Montgomery of the Roman Catholic Church says that it stands to reason that the Catholic Church must discourage mixed marriages—marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics. We quote as follows from his address: "But it may be said that in all mixed marriages, wherein the Church, though reluctant to do so, has granted a dispensation and made them lawful, the non-Catholic promises that all children born of that union shall be reared and educated in the Roman Catholic faith. That is true. And we will even suppose that the Catholic is the mother, the non-Catholic the father; and we will suppose further that the father is one of those whom we have characterized as possessing those natural virtues, to a high degree. The ordinary non-Catholic husband cannot sympathize with the religion of his Catholic wife, in any true sense of the word; he cannot look upon it as anything more than a disciplinary measure—cannot regard it as necessary for salvation; otherwise he should have to embrace it himself. It is true that in some instances the devotion of a good, practical Catholic wife has merited for a good non-Catholic husband the grace of conversion, but the percentage of such conversions is small, and not sufficient to hazard the difficulties in so many other directions. In a mixed population such as we live in the Church feels constrained sometimes to grant dispensations for mixed marriages, but it is always with reluctance. And I would say that there is no excuse for a Catholic man to marry any but a Catholic wife. The customs of society are such that a man has a freedom in seeking his company that a woman has not; and in the exercise of this freedom his first thought should be to marry a wife of his own faith."

The noted French Protestant, M. Sabatier, returns soon to Assisi to continue his researches in the life of Saint Clara whom he considers one of the most remarkable women who ever lived, in some respects a stronger character than Saint Francis. He hopes to find in the Italian convents valuable manuscripts throwing new light on her life. M. Sabatier himself is an interesting character and one with many interesting experiences. An English correspondent writes concerning him: "Sabatier was brought up in a strictly Protestant community. The Catholics were in the minority amongst his neighbors, but from early boyhood he was interested in them, and felt a strong desire to win them over to the true faith. At the same time, he felt that he could never be a worthy pastor unless he understood the doctrines and discipline of the church which he opposed. He used occasionally to attend mass, and for this he was persecuted by his comrades, who called him 'the little heretic.' His bent in the direction of historical study was fixed under the influence of Renan. 'I went to Paris,' M. Sabatier told me, 'as a poor and almost friendless stu-



dent, and I attended one of Renan's lectures. At the close, the Professor said, 'Do you intend to take the full course?' 'Yes, sir,' 'Did you understand what was said to-day?' 'No, sir.' Thereupon M. Renan patiently explained to the country boy as much as possible of the earlier lectures, and from that day a personal friendship began between the master and pupil. It was cemented by a pleasant little incident. When Sabatier was leaving the classroom, rain was falling heavily; "I had no umbrella," he said, "and Renan offered to walk home with me, and give me the shelter of his. Our conversation, however, became so interesting that we passed my lodgings, which were near the college, and walked on to his door. Arriving there, he suddenly remembered that he had offered me shelter, and he came all the way back with me to my modest rooms. Can you wonder that from that day, I was attached to him by the bonds of friendship? I always found him the same man—kind, painstaking and sincere. As regards his famous book, 'The Life of Jesus Christ,' while, of course, I do not agree with its teaching, I believe that on the whole, it did more good than harm. I have met men who declared that they had been converted from infidelity by reading Renan's book. He had hoped that his own last literary enterprise might be a life of St. Francis. When he saw this was impossible he pressed the task upon me. He had discovered in me the love of scientific research in the field of history, and this taste, combined with my knowledge of the inner life of Catholicism, seemed to him the best possible equipment for a biographer of the Saint."

#### A Remarkable Book.

A book which is attracting large attention in Great Britain, is the one recently published by the Rev. Dr. James Denny, of Glasgow, on "The Death of Christ; its Place and Interpretation in the New Testament." A London correspondent of the Christian Evangelist of St. Louis, writes of it as a massive, learned treatise which no flippant or superficial person could read for three minutes with yawning cavernously. He says that he cannot find in it a single illustration, anecdote, metaphor, or line of poetry or poetic prose. "Nevertheless, Dr. Denny," he continues, "has produced a real masterpiece. He has given us a new Puritan essay. In these days of daring destruction, of extreme rationalism in ecclesiastical seminaries, and of supercilious contempt for the conservative theology of our fathers, this treatise is a sign of reaction, coming as it does from one of the finest British seats of learning."

The British Weekly says that Dr. Denny's book will take rank with that of Dr. Dale and ranks higher as a masterpiece of exegesis; and that it must find its way into the hands of all Christian teachers who are in earnest about their work. We have not seen this remarkable book, but we gather from a review of it in the British Weekly, presumably from the pen of the noted editor and Bible scholar, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, that it declares that there is a Divine necessity for the death of Christ, a necessity not blank and blind, but intelligible and moral. "Dr. Denny lays great stress on the teaching of St. Paul and St. John," says the Weekly, "that the propitiatory death of Christ is the proof of the reality and infinity of the love of God for man. His death is a loving death only, because in that death He took our responsibilities upon Him. If His death did not do as much for us, it is no proof of love. The gospel is that the death of Christ is a work outside of us in which God so deals

in Christ with the sin of the world that it is no barrier between himself and men. Without this doctrine we have no gospel to preach."

And the Weekly expresses the opinion that Dr. Denny is right in declaring that according to the New Testament where there is no atonement there is no gospel, and continues, "All preaching of the love of God and the forgiveness of sins out of relation to the death of Christ is not gospel preaching if the New Testament is the rule and standard of Christianity. No one can be preacher of the New Testament if he is inwardly at war with the idea of atonement, constantly engaged in minimising it, maintaining an attitude of reserve or even of self-defiance in relation to it. We may take it or leave it, but it is idle to attempt to propagate the Christian religion on the basis and with the authority of the New Testament unless we have welcomed it with our whole heart. The gospel is the message of a sin-bearing, sin-expiating love which takes the whole responsibility of the sinner unconditionally, if only he abandons himself to it. In John Wesley's words, full salvation now is the burden of the gospel. The whole relation of the believer to God is determined not at all by sin or law, but by Christ, the Propitiation, and by faith. This preaching of full salvation, and this preaching only, has in it the promise of revival, and carries with it the New Testament spirit of joy and assurance. All this is explained with a cogency that is triumphant, and in full view of all that can be said on the other side, whether by critics or exegetes."

In this editorial in the British Weekly, from which we quote, there is expressed the hope that Dr. Denny will complete his work by an exhibition of the Christian doctrine of the atonement in its relation to the modern mind and says in that connection:

"The doctrine of the atonement must be correlated with philosophy and science. Above all, it must take account of the deeper literature of feeling from the Greek tragedians to Hawthorne and Hardy. Sin and grace and salvation are still ideas interwoven with the inner self of man. The faiths which lie at the very heart of life cannot be permanently eradicated. From systematic theology thinkers have long been estranged by its positive temper and its scholastic formulæ, but wherever there are the notes of holiness and of depth in thought and life, there are affinities with the New Testament teaching, and the task of the theologian is that of going out to meet the minds of men who cannot imagine that they have any affinity with the old evangelicalism. In truth the language of theology has not expanded fast enough to meet the few wants of the human soul. We must find a fresh and supplementary language to express new subtleties of relation between man and man and man and nature. There are multitudes whom the doctrine of the Atonement, preached in its old form, fails to rouse or console. And yet they must be sought, for the fault is not all on their side. They will be found only by men who can give them emotion as well as knowledge, in whose words they can catch the accents of truth and inwardness, men who can quicken the sense of human need, and reveal the heights possible to redeemed humanity. Conscience is still the candle of the Lord, and will burn all the brighter when responsibility is measured with more justice and more mercy. Remorse is still remorse, and despair, despair, and evil, evil, and humanity cannot advance without the reached Hand bringing up the laggards. We may have put aside the old



hope of explaining the atonement by love's habit of taking upon its own care those who are in the dust. Nevertheless it remains eternally true that love is a vicarious principle, that the system in which we have our being is a system of vicarious life. Life and love are ever seeking to redeem, and ever realizing their own impotence. At the moment of their last sacrifice the damp of the night drives deeper into my soul. No man can redeem his brother, but the Cross is at once the symbol of their effort and the assurance of their triumph in a divine love which is victorious because it needs no redemption, a love that will find its perfect triumph when mediation ends and the kingdom is delivered by the Son of God, even the Father."

It is worthy of note that Dr. Denny criticises the view that the incarnation has a significance and function of its own, independent of man's redemption from sin; that he holds that the modern weakening of the sense of sin is only temporary; that he traces the deadening of conscience mainly to a naturalistic theory of evolution, maintaining however that the naturalistic view of the world cannot permanently suppress the moral view and that when the duties of society to the individual shall have been fulfilled the responsibility of the individual will come again in full strength.

#### Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

##### A Rare Christmas Gift.

\* President Fuller's visit to Saratoga awakens many memories. As we galloped our horses in the summer of 1869 over the prairies of Northern Dakota, keeping a good lookout for buffalo and giving our heartiest moral support to the railroad magnates, who were studying the possibilities for a new transcontinental railroad, he confided to me his call to be a missionary in the foreign field. In 1892 he welcomed me on my long planned visit to Aintab, and we rode fifteen hundred miles on no mean horses, if we did ride through cities where Armenians were afterward treated most cruelly. Now, in the kindness of a Divine Providence, our fellowship is renewed here, and as opportunity is given me to introduce him to groups of young people I am constrained to testify how many of the desires of the heart are gratified for those who delight in the Lord. Among many incidents passing in review, I recall an evening in the Aintab College. The ten seniors were debating the question if they should come to America for a wider culture or settle down to work at once in their own country. Nine were found ambitious for preferment and to gain the power an American degree and American travel might bring them. One—Baron Harritune—said: "Our missionary teachers have brought us our college opportunities at great cost, and I think we shall best share our appreciation of them by settling down in our own country and teaching what we have been taught."

When I reported what I had heard of the debate to President Fuller, he said, "That man, Harritune, is the one man in the class whom we want to have go to America. He ought to go to Oberlin and perfect himself in music, and come back to teach music in Aintab College." The young man went to Oberlin, got near to President Fairchild, and felt the Christian touch of that master in music, Professor Rice. Now he is the devoted and unselfish teacher at Aintab. What do you suppose is his finest instrument to assist the chorus of song for his enthusiastic pupils? Simply an organ. For many years it would have been an im-

possibility to pack a piano on a mule's back over the rocky road from Alexandretta to Aintab. Now the Turkish government has opened a road and a piano might be safely carted from the sea to the inland city. This appeal rings its way out among hearts to whom this may be the supreme Christmas of their lives and ask that in some way this great want may be met. Think what your home and your church prayer-room would be without a piano. Consider the thrill of a chapel full of earnest students when Baron Harritune's eager fingers would announce on a fine piano that American hearts beat warmly at the holiday time for our Armenian heathen in Aintab College. We are many of us watching for the first recital in the First church, Oakland, or our first hearing of the grand organ at Stanford. God bless them both to the refreshment of His Saints and the quickening of their courage for life's noblest service. I plead for one piano for this most worthy missionary college whose students in their eager desire for an education have reduced their boarding expenses to eighty cents a week. What great heart on our coast will touch the springs of joy in the hearts of a devoted college president, a singularly united faculty, and a group of sincere and industrious students? President Fuller has not shaken this acorn. It has dropped itself.

#### The Secret of Holiday Happiness.

An observant lady told me that the passion for making presents had so pervaded the telephone offices that the hello girls could hardly leave their crocheting to answer calls. Some of this passion gives pain, to give from shame, to give in competition, to give desiring to provoke gifts, to give just because others do so is unworthy. To give in love is the only true giving—the only Christian giving, the only Christ-like giving. If this love be in the heart its simplest manifestation is precious. Without love from the givers, all the gilded treasures in the Emporium would be but rubbish if dumped at one's door. With love, a child's smile or bon-bon, a "Merry Christmas" or a rare annual kiss is a gift indeed.

I have been interested in one Christmas box. I should like to have peeped in it. It went to a kind singer, a good neighbor, a father and a friend in Alaska. Twenty-two letters went in the box. Cheap? Yes. And at express rates. But how much they expressed! That husband and father has a glad Christmas in store. I ought have written him what his little son said: "I'd liked to have gone in the box too." I know a little town where the folks manage to have a tip-top Christmas.

#### The Simple Life.

Any honest soul trying to work out of the maze of modern life with its cruel complexity may be greatly helped by what a wise and loving French pastor has lived and written on the subject of the simple life in the great Babel of Paris. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, print it. I've nibbled far enough through the book to be paid ten-fold for what it cost me. I bought it of Mr. Cary at the San Francisco book-store, and had thrown in a whole lot of amateur athletic news which delighted me. Do you all know what a champion you are dealing with when you chat with the man of the books? After the holiday rush is over ask to see his prize watch and watch charm and learn how he ran away from his competitors. It made me young to listen for I was a bit of a sprinter myself although they didn't run for records in my day. Read Chas.



Wagner's book and dare to be simple. Send it or lend it to a friend. Hand it to young couples and bid them dare build their homes on his ideal. And now dear friends who may pick up my ever simple acorns, "Saalaan," "Aloha Nui" and "Merry Christmas!"

### Two Signs in the East.

BY S. M. FREELAND.

At a recent meeting, the Monday meeting, of the Congregational ministers of Boston and vicinity, one of the advance guard of the new theologians, in summing up what had been gained or lost by the new discoveries in theology, put among the lost things a belief in a living Lord. That makes a question to be asked of every one who claims the privilege of preaching to a church which has a living Christ; and in that fact is a reason for refusing to listen to any man whose Christ is a dead Teacher—no other. Here was a plain avowal of what all thinking men have foreseen in the prevailing rationalism.

In a recent number of a weekly journal which Bystander reckons among the conservatives, an editorial appears, following an earlier brochure of the editor, in which we are warned to be ready for the recession of all miracles, and are consoled with the reflexion that the Sermon on the Mount and a few other things from the Christ and about Him may still be believed; and even though Jesus did not rise from the dead, his temper and teachings and spirit of his life and teachings would be left us. No atonement is mentioned, nor need of any; no conscience to be "purged," no sins of the past to be cared for, no constraining love to be a power in the world bringing men to an answering, obeying love.

This is another fruit of the rationalism of the day, and suggests another set of questions to our preachers, and more reasons for those who know their need, and all men's need, of the constraining love of God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, reasons for those to refuse to listen to preachers who know nothing of redemption and its cost to God who sent His Son into the world that the world through Him might be saved, who "came not to ministered unto, but to minister and give his life a ransom for many."

### Over the Sea to Hilo.

MRS. F. L. NASH.

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air:  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care."

For days as we sailed over the waters of the blue Pacific these lines had been ringing themselves into our brain, and on Sunday morning, the ninth day out, the 'fronded palms' of our new home came into view. At first the shore outline was dim and hazy, but gradually the brilliant green of the cornfields, the beautiful foliage of plain, forest and even the feathery crowns of the cocoanut trees came clearly to our vision, while towering over all to the height of 14,000 feet arose the majestic volcanic domes of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa.

We expected a cordial reception from the people, for we had heard they were as warm hearted as their sunshine, but we were not prepared for the welcome we received from the elements of nature. Even Jupiter Pluvius, who is wont to receive all new comers with a frown and a gush of tears, greeted us with open arms and a smiling face, while Madam Pelee, the goddess

of the volcano, awoke from her slumbers long enough to prepare a few fireworks for our special welcome, and to arrange for an earthquake or two during our first week's tarry. These were not so decided as some of our California shocks, but quite sufficient to win a profound regard for the goddess of fire who has been chained in the crater of Kilanea for many years.

The abundant and luxuriant vegetation seemed the most wonderful thing about our new home. Having lived so long among the brown and barren fields of Southern California, we were at first dazzled by the brilliant coloring of lawn and forest. The intense red and yellow of the Hibiscus and Croton-bush, the golden browns and softer yellows of less ambitious plants, the sensuous tints of the orchid and the graceful beauty of palm and cocoanut, all formed a mass of coloring so brilliant and striking that we thought we must have stepped into the open portal of a tropical sunset!

Indeed, everything was so very strange, so entirely different from anything we had before experienced, that we were completely bewildered, and felt like saying, what a man named Ami, once said in a drunken stupor, "Am I Ami, or am I not Ami? If I am not Ami who in the world am I?" It seemed as though some fairy god-mother was waving over us her enchanted wand, and that we should awaken any moment and find it all a dream.

But we are really here, and here not for a holiday trip, delightful as it is, but to add our mite of service to the spiritual kingdom our God is establishing in these beautiful islands. Congregationalists should feel a particular interest in this work, for, while in a sense unsectarian, and under no ecclesiastical authority, this church has a Congregational government, and has always been served by clergymen of that denomination. The building is an architectural gem, and modeled somewhat, I am told, after the East Oakland Presbyterian Church, though really more beautiful and artistic. It has stained glass windows, a fine pipe organ, tasteful furnishings, and all the conveniences for successful church work. Thanks to the efforts of former pastors, the work is well organized along the usual lines—Sabbath school, Junior Endeavor, King's Daughters, Woman's Board, and Ladies' Social Circle.

In addition, this church is the center from which radiates all the religious work of the community. It has under its loving and fostering care, missions to the Chinese, Japanese, and a regular "slum work" at Wai-akea, the Five Points of Hilo. This last work embraces a Sunday school and sewing-school, and at present the leaders are trying to secure a settlement worker who will devote her entire time to this needy neighborhood. With all these avenues of service, you can readily see that there can be no drones in this spiritual hive, and we are pleased to see a willingness on the part of our people to sacrifice their own ease and comfort for the upbuilding of those less favored than themselves.

New-comers are especially interested in the work among the Hawaiians. It is hard to realize that we are on old historic missionary ground, and that the Native Church—only two doors from the pleasant and commodious manse was organized in 1825, when San Francisco was a waste, howling wilderness. The original building has been replaced by a more modern structure, but no outward change can ever efface the memory of that wonderful work, so like the work of Pentecost, when these islands were brought under the sway of our King. The history of those days is as



thrilling as any romance. No building was large enough to hold the crowds who came to hear the Gospel story. Nearly all the people of the Hilo and Puna districts came into town and erected their grass and bam-boo huts as near the church as possible. The population of beautiful Hilo increased from 1,000 to 10,000 in a very short time, and crowds gathered to hear the simple gospel story. Many of the young men were sent into the adjoining mountains to carry the good news of "Ora loa in Jesu." "Endless life thro' Jesus," to the sick and infirm. This was the thought that especially appaled to them. "Will my spirit never die, and can this poor, weak body live again?" an old chieftess exclaimed, and her surprise expressed the feelings of all. No pains were spared to make the work thorough and radical. For two years this wonderful camp-meeting continued. Months, and in some cases years of instruction were given before the converts were admitted into church-membership. In this work the wives of the missionaries rendered most valuable assistance.

At length, the memorable Sabbath came—July 1838, when 1705 persons, formerly heathens, were baptized and admitted into the fellowship of Christ's visible church. How the bells of heaven must have rung and the hosts of the redeemed shouted as they saw this wonderful sight! Kneeling in rows upon the rude earth-floor, the two missionaries passed between them sprinkling each bowed head, after which Mr. Coan pronounced the words, "I baptise you all in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." Then the Holy Communion was administered to 2400 converts.

Perhaps the most wonderful conversion was that of the High Priest of the goddess of the volcano. He was six feet five inches in height and his sister was hardly less inferior in attitude. Let me quote the account as given by another: This man's chief business was to keep Pelee appeased. If a human victim was needed, he had but to point out the native, and the unfortunate man was at once strangled. He was not only the embodiment of human piety, but of heathen crime as well. Robbery was his pastime. His temper was so fierce and uncurbed that no native dared tread in his shadow. Curocity attracted him to the Hilo meetings, and the bad giant fell under the resistless mysterious influence which was metamorphosing thousands of Hawaiians. "I have been deceived," he said. "I have deceived others. I have lived in darkness and did not know the true God. I renounce it all; the true God has come. He speaks. I bow to Him. I wish to be his son." His sister, the priestess, came soon afterwards and they remained several months for instructions. They were then about seventy years old, but they imbibed the New Testament spirit so thoroughly that they became as gentle, loving and quiet as little children. After several years of pious, lowly living, they passed gently and trustfully away.

"Did the large number converted during this wonderful revival remain true and faithful?" Perhaps as much so as you could expect. The fact is, people have required too much from them. We must not forget that they were just emerging from a low and degrading heathenism, and it would be unfair to apply the same tests to them that we apply to those who have inherited the influences of ten centuries of Christianity. Suppose many of them had been backsliders—are they the only ones?

I confess the saddest heartaches I have ever had—except when the shadow of the death angel has fallen across our household—have come from seeing our

own spiritual children turning their backs upon Jesus, and walking no more with Him!

We must not forget to mention the excellent work being done on this island by Rev. C. W. Hill, formerly of San Jose. He understands the prevailing conditions so thoroughly that his service is invaluable, both in carrying the gospel to the distant plantations and in strengthening the native churches scattered all over the island.

Yes, this is an open door, surley! "Discouragement?" "Difficulties?" Of course there are. Did you you ever know an earnest, aggressive work without them? But the seal of God's blessing upon the work in the past has been so signally manifest that it would be a faint heart, surely, that would falter now. This is as truly a missionary country ever, even though Hawaii has taken an honored place among Christian nations. How is this? Because the Orient has been pouring its throngs into these islands until there are 30,000 Chinese, 70,000 Japanese, besides multitudes from nations as truly heathen. These people need the gospel as much as the Hawaiians needed it scores of years ago, and what nation is so fitted to give it as that nation whose flag floats over its beautiful hills and villages?

What is the magic spell this beautiful country casts over all who have ever lived here? Is it the blueness of her skies, the ripple of her waters, the balm of her breezes, or the social satisfaction they find among her cultured sons and daughters? We cannot tell. But this we know: However long their exile, or however far their wanderings, they think long and lovingly of the home of their adoption, and often say to themselves, with a smile of love and tenderness, "Hawaii, the Beautiful—our home, sweet home!"

Hilo, Hawaii, Nov. 25, 1902.

### A Lesson In Contrasts.

BY REV. CHAS. D. MILLIKEN.

Ministers see life in every variety, and pass sometimes in the span of a moment from the gay to the grave. To one with open ears and eyes everything is full of sermon material, and for such game we have to be forever on the scent. Nothing makes impressions more graphic than pictures drawn from human experience.

Once upon a time I went three hundred miles to participate in the wedding of an old friend. The groom could hardly be contained for his joy; and on beholding the face of the bride I thought, no wonder, for it was memorably radiant, and verily a twinge seized me that is said to possess one who desires no longer to live alone.

The words were soon said and the two were one. The guests brimming with merriment sat down to tables brilliant with light and flowers—but you have been there, when all things seemed to sing with Milton:

"Haste thee, nymphs, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity."

So I here allude to but one thing. Being reared in the midst of staid and, it may be, quaint New England, my eyes, though several years in California have not ceased to stare a little at abundant flowing wine on these merry yet solemn occasions. And here champagne was as a little river, a matter of course as anything else. My glass was brimming, and with it another of water. It was for me to propose a toast, and I arose in the enthusiasm of the moment to lift the wine with no more apparent scruple than had the others, when a wiser spirit guided my hand to the other glass, and raising it I quoted a few of those lines of Longfellow:



"O fortunate, O happy day,  
When a new household finds its place  
Among the myriad homes of earth,  
Like a new star just sprung to birth,  
And rolled on its harmonious way."

Adding, surely, no one would think me out of harmony with the joyful spirit here prevailing, if I propose that we drink Adam's ale to the long life and prosperity of this new household. It was enthusiastically accepted and heartily done, and the minister rejoiced in the depths of his soul.

And here comes the lesson in contrast. A few hours later, turning a corner near home, I met the country doctor on his rounds.

"I'm glad you've come," said he; "you must go with me up the road, a poor fellow has shot himself and can live but an hour or two; try to help the wife." And I found her in a state of collapse, but she responded as a heart will to the touch of sympathy. This was a case of a long-drinking, besotten man who had hastened his end; and here was his home in squalor and his wife in rags and despair and alone. And I thought, "Maybe wine flowed as a little river at your wedding years ago." O the danger that lurks at bridal festivities where many cups sparkle.

Cupertino, Cal.

### Book Reviews.

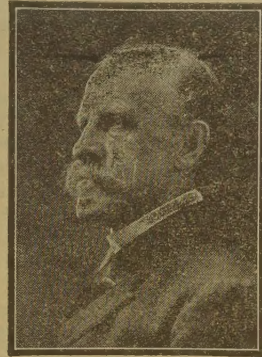
"An Uncrowned Queen," by Bernie Babcock. Many books excellent for Christmas gifts have been reviewed in our columns during the last few weeks. Here is another which will be found suitable for that purpose. It is the story of the life of Frances E. Willard, told for young people. Hers was a beautiful life. Blessed the girl or the boy who reads this story, and is influenced by that life. (F. H. Revell Co., Chicago, pp. 270; 75 cents net.)

"Chosen." By Mrs. Constans L. Goodell. Mrs. Goodell affectionately inscribes this little volume of 152 pages to the memory of her husband, who was the cheer and inspiration of her home for 27 years, and whose faithful and efficient services in the Christian ministry won for him the love and grateful esteem of all who knew him." Doubtless, some of the inspiration of Dr. Goodell's beautiful life is wafted down through this book in which will be found many a lesson showing how best "to practice the presence of God." Among the topics are the following: Chosen; Thou Shalt be a Blessing; Christian Restfulness; Wayside Ministries; Christian Companionship; The Fruit of the Lips; Where are the Nine; A Time to be Sick; Visiting the Sick; Salutations. (F. H. Revell Co., Chicago.)

"Soo Thah."—By Alonzo Bunker, D.D. This is a very remarkable story, a romance of facts; a history full of romance; the story of a nation born into Christianity almost in a night. Dr. Bunker was a missionary in Burmah for many years, and has worked among the Koreans, or Hill people of India, who have accepted Christ, and turned from savagery to become peaceful people, demanding schools and missionaries. Soo Thah is one of the first native preachers, and his life is the string upon which has been strung the pen pictures of the wild Hill country and its fierce but now gentle people. The book lacks a finish, and is more interesting as a contribution to missionary literature than as a story, for Dr. Bunker, like so many of the

clergy who have attempted to write novels, is awkward in the manipulation of his characters. But as a history, and a practical lesson of what has been and is doing in India, Soo Thah is a stronger plea for the necessity for missions than any book published for a long time, and well worth a place in the library. (Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago and New York; \$1 net.)

"A Maker of the New Orient." By William Elliott Griffis. The author of this book, whose picture we give herewith, went to Japan in 1870, where he organized schools and served for a time as a Superinten-



dent of Education, after which he held a professorship in the Imperial University of Tokio. He has written much on Korea, China, Japan, Holland, and early America in the aspects of discovery, conquest romance, folk-lore, description, historical episode, missions, comparative religion, etc. In 1898, he was sent as delegate of the American Historical Association to Hague. He is a member of the U. S. Naval Institute American Historical Association, Asiatic Society of Japan, Asiatic Society of Korea, American Society of Comparative Religion, American Oriental Society and many other Societies in this country and abroad. No one is better qualified to write of Samuel Rollins Brown, a maker of the new orient. Brown was a pioneer in the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and also of the higher education of women, as he secured the formation of the first chartered woman's college, adopting the standard of the men's colleges. He made an almost faultless translation of the New Testament into Japanese—which is still the standard. He stimulated and brought to America, the first Chinese students who went abroad for an education. He raised up many pupils who carry on his work in his spirit. He thoroughly understood the Oriental and may be regarded as the discoverer of that quality which has been challenged as to its existence—the "gratitude of Orientals." He led a wonderfully varied and busy life as teacher, pastor, missionary in America, China, and Japan. (F. H. Revell Co., \$1.25 net.)

The death of the widely known pastor of the City Temple, London, will lead to the earlier publication of "The Life of Joseph Parker," by his long-time friend and associate, Dr. William Adamson which the Fleming H. Revell Company had announced as in preparation. The author is adding a final chapter relating to the last days. The work will now probably appear before the holidays. It is evident from advance pages that in writing the life of Joseph Parker, Dr. William Adamson has lifted the veil from much more than a series of facts and deeds. Long and intimate personal friendship had qualified him in a peculiar degree to



put in the forefront the elements and forces in Dr. Parker's character. The writer is anxious that his friend should be known as he really was, and loved alike for his personal qualities and his work's sake.

## The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

Lesson 13.

December 28, 1902.

Christmas Lesson. Luke ii : 8-20.

It is characteristic of great musical composers that they never allow the listener to forget the theme. Trumpets may be blowing, flutes shrilly piping, violins fluttering, drums rattling, a mighty orchestra crashing, but somehow, in the midst of it all, and coming out from it all as the one thing worth effort, and energy, and attention, is the theme long ago announced in the introduction, in a quiet, unobtrusive way. Christmas in 1902 is a very diversified festival. The commercial world has appropriated it for business purposes, and surcharged it with material effects of descriptions which beggar language. The social world has appropriated it, and turned all manner of customs, ancient, modern, civilized, and semi-civilized into it, making the country one vast holiday of wholesome joy and generous festivity. But amid all that variety can suggest, and ingenuity can foster, the one theme from which there can be no escape is the Christ child. And just in this direction lies the privilege as well as the responsibility of the Sunday school teacher and religious instructor. To them is committed the words of the Bethlehem angels for particular emphasis: "Unto you is born a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. To impress that upon the children so that the day, with its entire round of pleasure, fun, gifts will center in it, be permeated with it, begin and end with it, is your share and mine of perpetuating the reality of Christmas, and honoring Bethlehem's Babe. The story of the shepherds' visit to the Christ child can scarcely be severed from the whole beautiful narrative, and should not, still there is an abundance of Christmas bounty in it for us just now.

II. There is a significance in the time of the advent.

It was night, and the darkness typified the spiritual condition of the world. Notwithstanding man's intense religiousness, and the centuries during which opportunity was afforded for spiritual advancement, the world was at that very hour under the sway of a most unspiritual race. The spiritual darkness enveloped everything. It is true that there was a preparation for the advent of Jesus of the religious realm, but that preparation lay in the failure of the highest thought to provide any scheme which would bring practical spirituality to the world. The immoral condition of the age proved how futile any plan had become, and the darkness was approaching black midnight. But as the shepherds were watching over their flocks, so the great Creator was watching over the destinies of the race, and into the midst of the darkness, He sent that Light which was to shine, though the darkness comprehended it not. The significance of this darkness lay in the limitations it set about men. Ignorance, slavery, idolatry, and evil, hedged men about. They became the environment amid which they walked, the very atmosphere they breathed. If there was to be a change in the established order it needs come down from heaven for it had failed to spring up from the earth.

II. There is significance in the angels' visit. (v. a.)

So far as we can see with our human organs of vision, great spaces stretch about us, filled only with worlds of stars, and lights that blend into the milky way. The silence of the spheres must be overpowering. Explorers of Arctic regions declare that the darkness and absolute silence is maddening. But the angels' visit demonstrates that the spaces are not uninhabited. It was a disclosure of the unseen, and a glimpse into unknown realities. It made hope stand upon solid foundations; we, too, may be a part of the unseen multitude whose song of peace and good will to mortals showed an interest in terrestrial affairs more than transient. The glory which broke into our sky that first Christmas night has in reality never faded. It grows brighter towards the close of the record of revelation, until we are fairly dazzled with the realms of glory to which we are introduced, and the heavenly hosts whose numbers cannot be counted, whose song of praise continues day and night forever.

III. But how tell of the significance of Bethlehem's Babe on that Christmas night?

We are looking back nearly two thousand years, and acknowledging that the humble birth of Mary's Son was a world-making epoch.

(1) It is noteworthy that this Child was not as much of a stranger as most babes when they come into the world. The angels knew him, as though they had been with him in different circumstances. They gave vent to a song indicative of what should be on earth, because it had already transpired in the place of their abode. Peace, because they knew the Prince of peace. Good-will, because here was one to show earth God's will. The Angels sang because they knew the Christ, and concolate, in that song the wonderful description of the Apostle. John i:1-14. Was there ever such a fitness for a Savior?

(2) It is notable how naturally the most remarkable event in history is introduced into the world. Only the shepherds saw the heavenly messenger, and heard the celestial chorus. Heathen bards have surrounded their deities with miracles of deed and word when they have sought to describe an incarnation. Signs and prodigies must accompany the advent of Buddha to earth. The apocryphal gospels are attempts along the same line in respect to Jesus' birth. But Jesus needed none such. God had been content to wait for many centuries to disclose the Christ, and could wait a little longer. Not miracles, or wonders, or signs of any kind, would have made Christ the Son of God. His own God-like nature must shine forth, must establish itself in its divine characteristics. Hence the naturalness of the advent.

(3) It is wonderful how great a prophecy was wrapped in those swaddling clothes. There was the prophecy of human relationships. They were in dire confusion up to this time, all inverted and wrested out of joint. But here was a prophecy of the time when the Brotherhood of mankind would be universally recognized, and the rights due from man to man as a brother would be cheerfully accorded because the Elder Brother came to save men from tyranny, slavery, and unjust rulership. There was the prophecy of true Motherhood. Ever since Jesus lay in Mary's arms, woman has been revered as one most honored of God. Motherhood assumes a new meaning when that which committed to its charge is known as a "Holy thing," and the entire development of the child starts from that idea on



a holy new course. Motherhood means training a holy thing in holy ways to attain a holy end, since Jesus the holy One was laid in the manger.

There was the prophecy of the Child. Into the fullness of that prophecy the world is but just entering. This Christmas notes more written about the Child, its nature, its possibilities, its culture, than ever before. Schools, kindergartens, teachers, all testify to the wonderful embodiment in the little babe. Every child is a child of God. Woe to those who would do anything to deprive it of its rights as such. Jesus spake words that are yet to give incentive to parents and educators when He declared that it were better for a millstone to be about the neck as one is cast into the sea, than for him to cause one of these little ones to offend. This Christmas should be a serious questioning among parents that they recognize in their children neither a "nuisance," nor a "trial," nor a "mistake," but "a holy hing," committed to their training, as one connected with the holy and blessed Father. Nor should our children be kept in ignorance of that heritage which is so emphasized by the Christ-Child in coming to earth. That which is made in the "Image of God" is to take the pattern from Bethlehem's Babe, and strive to reproduce it in the way that a little child can. King's children expect to develop royalty in royal manner, God's children should expect to develop like Jesus, in a God-like way. Angels hovered over the Babe in Bethlehem, and made his coming beautifully typical of all spirits which are born to earth. Jesus, Himself, said, "Their (little children's) angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." The child prophecy in Jesus, should be brought to fulfillment in boys and girls. He is their Savior.

There was the prophecy of life in that manger. The mystery of a life lies in its struggle. The troubles and sorrows of human experience, the disappointed hopes, and the defeats of life are never apart from amazement. The babe that starts with greatest advantage often seems to suffer great adversity, and promises of great things to come perish in the bud. This mystery is exemplified in Bethlehem's Babe most notably. From the narrative of the birth and early scenes in Jesus' life we should expect a career of brilliant popularity, and worldly success. Our thought of a life, at whose beginning the angels carolled, and wise men came from far, which was proclaimed as God's anointed, and heralded as a Savior, would connect it with victory and dominion. But we know its history as it unfulfilled itself in connection with our Lord's public service, ending in seeming defeat, and in an ignominious death. But all this is now shown to be one of the most remarkably successful of lives, full of magnificent triumphs, terminating in glorious victory. The life of Jesus is a prophecy that spirit is greater than its environment, and character than worldly honor. Very few are born to success from the world's standpoint. Riches, fame, influence, position, may none of them be ours. The way of life may lie amid boulders and slippery rocks, its windings may pass through dark valleys, and shadows dark as death, but no spirit need be crushed as long as the Spirit of Jesus is in the soul, and His courage in the heart. Victory always lies beyond the Gethsemanes, and cross-carriings to those who are possessed of the Christ. In this also He is born a Savior.

There is, finally, the promise of salvation in the Christ Child. After all, what makes life worth the living if at its end there is no sense of sin forgiveness,

nor removal of guilt which brings fear to appear before God. Our conscience makes cowards of us when we look across the boundary of life, save as we find some hope in God that "He will not deal with us according to our sins, nor reward us according to our iniquities." The Babe in the manger at Bethlehem has prophecy, blessed prophecy for every life, that comes into the world. The secret of God's love is revealed there, the way of pardon begins at the manger the power of abolishing sin centers in that helpless Babe. The secret of Jesus' life lay in its union with God, and this secret is promised to all who will receive the Christ unto his heart. Let the words of our great preacher echo in prayer as we begin this Christmas day.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin and enter in.  
Be born in us today.

We hear the Christmas angels,  
The great glad tidings tell,  
O, come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Immanuel!  
(Phillips Brooks, 1866).

## Christian Endeavor Service.

BY REV. BEN F. SARGENT.

December 28th.

Topic:—"OUR HEAVENLY HOME, AND THE WAY."  
(John xiv:1-6; Rev. xxi:1-4)

What blessed assurance Christ always shows whenever he speaks of heaven. It is "My Father's house." It is much as our college students speak of "going home" for vacation. Indeed these three chapters, comprising the "table talk" of our Master are filled with the ardent longing of one in a foreign land who is about to take ship for his own country. The desire uppermost in Christ's heart was to comfort those, who, as little children were so bereaved of their only protector. For their comfort he speaks of faith in the Father, and in himself, and in the heavenly home.

### HEAVEN IS A PREPARED PLACE.

Christ has gone to prepare it for his children.

His death was to prepare us, by its all cleansing power for heaven, but so also his life saves us for heaven. (See Romans v:10). In a true sense also he is preparing heaven for us.

Whatever may be our longings they will then be satisfied. Ready-made things sometimes fit, but often they do not. Things that are prepared for us, always meet our need.

There will be, not something, but, everything, there for all his children.

### THE ADORNED BRIDE.

The passage from Revelations sets before us a series of pictures. The first is the new heaven and new earth appearing from the old. The disappearing sea gives way. Upon this new creation descends the holy city, New Jerusalem embracing all, in forms of loveliness and life, "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." The moment of supreme beauty in a woman's life is the time when she stands a bride, waiting with holy joy, to enter into that sacred relationship which is a type of Christ, and the church of the



living God. The beauty is not that of outer adornment, but of love, shining in the face.

#### THE GREAT VOICE.

What that voice said then, the Holy Spirit is saying now, that the tabernacle of God is with men. Not with institutions, or with priests, or shops, or prelates but with men. Just common men, with contrite hearts, and that are willing that God shall dwell with them.

I think it very significant that this description of heaven applies also to earth, as though God was trying to introduce as much of heaven on earth as we are willing to receive.

#### THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

But then, as we cannot see it now, God will become a very presence indeed. The atmosphere will be so clear that we shall see him "face to face," and tears shall be wiped away from all our eyes. This will be by the removal of all causes for tears, pain and sorrow. The one is physical, and the other of the heart and mind. They are in part from our own sin and mistake, but in part also from the sin and mistake of others. This is inevitable from our common inheritance and earthly relationships. There we shall have "Every longing satisfied, with full salvation blessed."

#### THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

At the end of his talk with his disciples Christ summed it all up by saying, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." The way where? To the Father,— and where the Father is, there is heaven. Christ is the way, because he is the express image of the Father, "He hath seen me, hath seen the Father." Then we turn to the works of Christ and find that they are an expression of the Father. Only Christ had seen the Father, and for the purpose of making an expression in or of the Father had he come to earth. Hence all that he did was that expression. In his blessing little children we see the Father's heart revealed. In dying on the cross we behold the Father's love to his lost children. So today Christ stands saying, "I am the way. Through me, as through the door of truth you may reach heaven. I am the way, press me with your feet of faith and over mountains of difficulty and across chasms of human inability, and at last across the river of death to eternal life.

Other religions contained each a strand of truth, but Christ is the truth. They were "but broken lights of Thee." Though before the coming of Christ it was given to many to bear to the world single gleams of truth, it was reserved for Christ to unite all truth in himself, and to make from the many colors, one white light, and to flood the earth with the light of truth.

"As in seven tints of variegated light  
Breaks the clear luster of the white—  
So truth, in many colored splendor plays  
Now on the eye, enchanted with its rays  
Now in one gathers every beam  
And floods the earth with truth, a single stream."

#### ECHOES FROM THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

Follow thou me: "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

Without the way there is no going.

Without the truth there is no knowing.

Without the life there is no living.

I am the way thou oughtest to follow.

I am the truth thou oughtest to trust.

I am the life thou oughtest to hope for.

I am the way invisible, the truth infallible, the life that cannot end.

## Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific

From Miss Wilson.

Kusaie, July 19, 1902.

In a few weeks the German steamer "Oceanic" is due here from Hong Kong. It is so nice to have this regular mail. It is safe to send letters by way of Sydney anytime. There is an extra mail from Sydney that is not on the time table. It is sent from Sydney to New Britain, I think, and as the steamer stops at the latter place on its return from Hong Kong, they get it there and bring it to us. I had planned this morning to take a couple of hours for writing, but since I settled down to it, I have been interrupted three times. First one of the older girls appeared with one of the young ones saying she could not make the child stop crying. Her case attended to, I started once more, when the baby's swing creaked so, I could not stand the noise and write, so I went down stairs to remedy that. In a few minutes some one called out, "Mother Wilson, Daniel wants to see you." So I am afraid my letters will be only patchwork. I do not write much in the evening, principally on account of my eyes. There is nothing the matter with them, only they are not any too strong, and I try to be careful of them. I am feeling better than when I wrote you last October. The boils lasted a good three months and then disappeared. On June 1st, Mr. Walkup arrived here from the Gilbert Islands. With Mr. Walkup came a letter from Dr. Brigham, which made us feel very badly, as he tells us the A. B. C. F. M. considering the subject of turning our work over to the Germans and the English. Of course we do not agree with him that the time has come for us to take our departure from these islands, but again if we cannot have a vessel at least as large as the old "Morning Star," so as to do our work properly, we feel it would be wrong for us to stay here and have the work less than half done, the way it has been the past three years. I was talking with a Kuraian a few weeks ago, about the possibility of our leaving here, and he said he would not believe it. I said, "So you think we will stay here, even if they do not build us a larger vessel than the 'Carrie and Annie'?" "Yes, I do; I don't want you to go! I don't want you to go!" He went away feeling very much cast down, but at the same time declaring that he believed the Board would build us a new vessel. Another picture comes before me. White-headed Lihiah Sa, who has been in the work for almost fifty years, although bent almost double with rheumatism, has always had a cheery word of welcome for us, whenever we have entered his house, but this last time when we called, his face was clouded. All the old time sparkle and wit seemed to have left his being. Was it because he was suffering more bodily pain than usual? No; but it was not long before we found out the cause of all this sadness. With downcast eyes and almost as if he was talking to himself, he said: "I do not think it is right for the American Board to give up the work down here. What made them ever start it if they did not mean to keep it going?" How we hope it will not have to be given up! Three years is a long time to wait for them to come to a decision, yet perhaps this very waiting means that the very best will be done for us in the end. And the very best to our mind is, to build us a vessel suitable for our work.

I have been unusually busy the past month and now I am finishing my letters up in a hurry. This brings me to August 8th. The steamer is due on the



11th and I still have much to write. This is vacation and Miss Hoppin and I are spending it with twenty-eight girls, ten miles from home. The Kuraians have built us such a nice house, and we are showing them that we appreciate it by living in it for a few weeks. It is built on A. B. C. F. M. property, in the exact spot where Mr. Suno's house was built fifty years ago, when he and his wife came to Kuraie, as their first missionaries. The Kuraians plan to have a celebration on this jubilee year (August 21st), in honor of Mr. Suno's arrival amongst them. The natives are so kind to us. They bring us food enough every day to feed all our girls, and keep this going as long as we stay. With the exception of the floor and the windows for this new house, they have furnished the materials and done the work for us for nothing. They seem delighted to be able to do something for us. Since the steamers come every two months, some of us come around to that, and it is so nice to have a quiet house where we can go, and call it our own. It is a few minutes' walk from the native village and right on the edge of the water, so we are taking a vacation at the seashore. We shall welcome our goods when they come. We are very short of trade goods to buy native food. In fact I sold the last piece of calico the day I came around here.

With love to all friends of the W. B. M. P.,  
Sincerely,  
Louise E. Wilson.

## Church News.

### Northern California.

Kenwood and Glen Ellen.—We enjoyed a rare treat last Sunday in the presence of Dr. McLean. He filled the pulpit in both places and preached to most appreciative congregations.

Fields Landing.—At the last communion service held here, four members were received into church fellowship. There were two baptisms also on the same occasion, both adults. On the evening of November 30th, Rev. E. E. Chakurian held communion service in the church at Loleta. During the service three members were received into the church.

Lodi.—President Jordan of Stanford University lectured in the church Wednesday, December 10th, for the benefit of the improvement fund, on "The Call of the Twentieth Century. It was a splendid address, for young men especially, and will do much good. A good audience assembled notwithstanding rain, and about forty dollars was netted for improvements. The lecture was to have been given a week earlier, but by an unfortunate mistake on the lecturer's part he failed to appear and a large audience was disappointed. When he did appear, the storm kept many away thus reducing the receipts, and he generously donated the entire expense of his lecture, thereby netting the church what it would have made at the first date.

Green Valley.—Sunday morning, December 14th, Superintendent Harrison was with the Green Valley church and gave us one of his interesting and inspiring addresses on Home Missions. The offering in the morning amounted to about \$50, and during the day the total was reached of \$55. This is an increase of \$15 over last year. On Thanksgiving day the Ladies' Aid Society held its annual bazaar, giving a turkey dinner and a chicken pie supper. Besides the pleasure

that came to the Society in the knowledge that it had been instrumental in giving so large a number of people a day to be thankful for, they also had the pleasure of being able to count up the proceeds of the day's work \$135. Like many another church, Green Valley could not spare the aid of the ladies.

### Nevada.

Reno.—The church in Reno is making encouraging progress in its effort to be free from debt. It is determined that the large amount long due the Building society shall be paid. Fifteen hundred dollars are provided for. Ten hundred more are needed. The Societies are helping nobly. These are the Ladies' Aid, the St. Margaret Society, and the Outlook Club. The two Endeavor societies and the Sunday-school also claim a share. The year will close with nothing owing for current expenses, taxes or insurance. Electricity is to replace gas for lighting. The church is encouraged by its increasing membership. A visit from Dr. Day of Olivet church is expected on the 28th. The pastor, Rev. Chas. E. Chase, will spend the holidays in California.

## Notes and Personal.

The Rev. Dr. Loba of Evanston, Illinois, has declined the call to San Diego.

Rev. F. N. Greeley has gone from Santa Barbara to San Diego where he will supply the pulpit of the First church for a month.

Rev. E. A. Woods of the First Baptist church will address the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday.

Southern California Congregationalists observe Forefathers' Day in Los Angeles, Friday evening of this week. The address will be by the Rev. Dr. Williams of Redlands.

Rev. W. I. Atherton goes next week to Port Costa where he will preach for a few months with the hopes of uniting the religious interests there and building up a church organization.

The Rev. Dr. E. E. Baker of the First Presbyterian church of Oakland and Mrs. F. M. Smith have been elected trustees of Mills College. Rev. C. R. Brown was made president of the board.

Rev. D. Q. Travis, who resigned the pastorate at Crockett recently, has accepted a call from the West End church of Los Angeles. He will conduct a Sunday evening service also in Brooklyn Heights.

The six years' work of the Rev. J. A. Milligan has been very acceptable to the people of Porterville, and recently their appreciation of it was shown by a large gathering at the parsonage, in the nature of a surprise, and the presentation after a pleasant social time of some handsome chairs.

The Congregational club of San Francisco and vicinity will observe Forefathers' Day at the California hotel next Monday evening. Addresses will be given by the Rev. Dr. T. C. Meserve and the Rev. Dr. Geo. C. Adams. Dr. Meserve will speak on "The Puritan Influence in England;" Dr. Adams on "The Puritan Influence in America."

Referring to a recent statement in "Acorns from Three Oaks," concerning donations to the Chinese missionary work, the Rev. Dr. Moor of Pacific Theo-



logical Seminary writes us as follows: "While it is pleasant to be suspected of giving \$500 to the very deserving Chinese work mentioned by your correspondent, the suspicion is not so just to the real giver of that sum, whose left hand has not chosen to know what her right hand gave."

Rev. Warren F. Day, D.D., has just completed eight years with the First church, Los Angeles. Two years ago, the church called his son, Rev. William Horace Day of Aurora, Illinois, to be associate pastor. Father and son have shared the work and responsibilities of the pulpit and parish equally and with increasing success. Eight years ago this church lay under a heavy debt and faced some marked discouragements. That debt has been removed; a large and superior pipe organ secured; and a new and well-equipped house of worship is in process of construction. The enrollment has been carried from 431 to 1,108; the entire number received during this time being 1,031; of whom 178 were received since last January. Today, the presence of young people in the membership and congregation is as conspicuous as their absence was at the beginning of this pastorate.

The resignation of the Rev. Dr. Francis Davies, pastor of the First church of San Bernardino, will take effect January 1st. The church, after endeavoring ineffectually to persuade him to withdraw his resignation, passed highly appreciative and well deserved resolutions from which we quote as follows: "Resolved, That Dr. Davies, during his three years of service with us, has endeared himself not only to his congregation but to the community at large; that with earnest Christian character and sincere devotion to his duties as pastor of a Christian church, he has combined broadness of learning, liberality of opinion and wideness of sympathy, which has won for him not only the love and confidence of the professed followers of Christ, but the respect, esteem and good will of our entire people; that he has been not only the pastor of this church, but a prominent Christian landmark to this city and beyond; that in his departure not only do we, his congregation, lose a most beloved and honored pastor, but the people of this city and vicinity lose a worthy and able servant, whose voice has ever been for the right and whose influence has been always and powerfully for good; and that wherever he goes, he will bear with him the best wishes of his congregation and of many others, whose lives have been made broader, nobler, deeper, richer, by his true and faithful service." Concerning Mrs. Davies it is said: "In the pastor's wife this church loses one who has endeared herself to this people by her sweet Christian spirit and by her incessant labors as organist and choir leader, teacher in the Sunday-school, president of the Ladies' Missionary Society, and faithfulness in all the activities of the Church."

#### San Francisco Association.

The annual meeting of the San Francisco Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers was held in Olivet church, December 11th. Wm. C. Pond was elected Moderator. He requested Captain H. M. Turner to offer prayer. George C. Adams was elected to serve on the Missionary committee for one year; Wm. C. Pond for three years. The following persons were elected as the Membership committee: Joseph Rowell, Philip Coombe, W. W. Chase, D. Gilbert Dexter, C. H. Stevens. W. H. Atkinson was elected registrar for three years.

A devotional meeting was led by Huber Burr. Geo.

C. Adams delivered an address on "Churches and Missions." The subject was discussed by Joseph Rowell, E. J. Singer, Stuart Elliott, T. R. Earl, and William Hickford.

There was a good representation of the churches present. The reports which were called forth by Wm. C. Pond were encouraging, especially the work among the young people and children; the opportunities for Christian influences amongst the children being limited only by the lack of efficient teachers. The Rev. W. T. Sparhawk was invited to take part in the discussion as a member by courtesy.

W. C. Day, pastor of the entertaining church, invited all present to remain to supper which was provided in the upper room. After the enjoyment of the bountiful repast which the young ladies of the church served very courteously and expeditiously. "Delphic and Delsartian Deliverances" were "Deftly Drawn for the Delectation of Delighted Diners from Doomed and Deluded Delegates" by Dr. Day, and were dexterously diffused with dardalian differentiation, by W. H. Atkinson, G. C. Adams, C. H. Ham, Joseph Rowell, and Wm. Rader. A resolution was introduced by Mr. Rader and passed unanimously thanking the ladies of Olivet church for the excellent repast they had given to the Association.

The following churches invited the Association for the next meeting in March, 1903. Bethlehem, The Park, the Fourth. On motion, the invitation of the Fourth church was accepted. J. H. Hollars was appointed to act with the pastor of the Fourth church, and the registrar, W. H. Atkinson, as the committee on program for the next meeting. A collection of \$4.85 was taken.

At 7:30 p. m. a service of prayer and song was led by the Moderator, after which an address entitled "The Small City Church," was given by T. R. Earl.

The Association by vote requested T. R. Earl to furnish a copy of his address for publication in The Pacific.

The subject was discussed by D. Gilbert Dexter, J. A. Hollars, Philip Coombe, and W. H. Atkinson.

It was moved and carried "that the Association express its appreciation of the work done for the smaller churches by the larger.

The closing address was made by C. H. Stevens on "How Shall the Deepening of the Spiritual Life of the Churches be Accomplished?"

The Association, which was adjourned with prayer by Joseph Rowell, was enlivened throughout with song and prayer.

#### Field Notes.

In the evening the writer visited Fresno and had the pleasure of attending services at the First Church. The pastor, Mr. Hare, has a choir of fifteen. The young men of the choir, with the pastor, form a male chorus. The pieces rendered Sunday night were very much appreciated. Mr. Hare is preaching a series of sermons Sunday evening, taking for his subjects living characters from present day literature. Large congregations are in attendance at these meetings.

The Rustic Sunday school was visited by the Superintendent of the C. S. S. and P. S. last Sabbath, December 14. This school is about six miles from Hanford, and was organized a few months ago. The starting of the school, and the study of the lessons have created a thirst for more gospel, consequently, they have asked for regular preaching. This will be sup-



plied, at least twice a month. Another school was the Paddock, will also be supplied in the morning of the day the visit is made to Rustic.

#### Dr. Frary's Resignation.

Fifteen years! Nearly that time has been included in Dr. Lucian H. Frary's pastorate of the Pilgrim church, Pomona. A little handful welcomed him. Four hundred and fifty members tearfully part with him. A great company in this Southland join in the general regret. This termination of Dr. Frary's pastorate at Pomona affects the entire sisterhood of churches within the bounds of the General Association of Southern California, where he has been so prominent, so beloved and so essential. Not least among the interests affected are those of Pomona College, in the near-by town of Claremont. He has been a part of the life of this vigorous institution, from the first, as a trustee, member of the Executive and other committees. He has never faltered in his intense interest in its welfare, nor held back where its burdens were heaviest. Under his lead, his people have been among the largest contributors. The record of Pilgrim church, under his direction, for general benevolence, has been remarkable. From an early period, they have averaged annually two dollars a resident member for Home Missions; and have been large givers to each of our denominational causes. The ever-fresh and majestic gospel has found in him a faithful preacher. Said the Pomona "Times" on the morning after Dr. Frary's resignation: "His mind reaches out in a very intelligent way to all that tends to build up good men and women, and also to the practical affairs of life for the upbuilding of the community." Most nobly has Mrs. Frary stood by his side. Since the resignation of the President of the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California, she, as Vice-President, is carrying on the work for which her long experience has so well fitted her. While the health of this dear pastor does not permit him to continue the longest Congregational pastorate in Southern California, it is the earnest hope of his many friends that he may, with regained health, do much more valiant work for the Master. Dr. and Mrs. Frary are to make their home in Long Beach.

#### Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

The dedication at Priest river, Idaho, was a great occasion for that growing town.

The work of the C. S. S. and P. S. began in 1895, when there was no town, only a few settlers at a point where the stream, for which the town is named, empties into that greater stream known as the Ponde-Oreille river. The little school, then organized, was gathered up by the now honored superintendent of the same society in your State. Conditions were not always favorable, and the little school suspended. Later it was regathered as a union school and still later, succeeding each other, several denominations attempted to supervise the work, but without the largest success until about three years ago, the missionaries of the C. S. S. and P. S. gave it their personal attention in connection with the pastorless church at Newport. Wash., seven miles distant, and across the river which divides the two States. It was soon arranged that a preaching service should be held by Missionaries Percival and Johnson twice a month, they alternating with each other in this plan. In March, 1901, a church of seventeen members was gathered and recognized by the local Association. Since that time they have

had a pastor and their membership is forty, seven uniting at the time of the dedication, December 7th.

Their church building is 32 by 48 feet with an ell for parlors 12 by 32 feet, and has cost \$2250, being completed without debt. The sermon was preached by Superintendent Scudder, Superintendent Greene extending the congratulations of the churches. In the evening was a fine praise service, with addresses along the line of the development of the missionary spirit.

Rev. H. W. Chamberlain, the pastor, has been most untiring in his work and has had the co-operation of an excellent Building Committee. The Ladies' Aid society is responsible for many of the equipments of the interior. This church takes one of the ten dollar missionary libraries.

Newport, Rev. John Fletcher, pastor, has already outgrown its building erected three years ago, and the church have now bought and paid for new lots, large in area, and finely located on which they propose to erect a building which will accommodate three hundred persons. Its membership reaches nearly seventy.

Plymouth church, Seattle, held its first annual meeting, without debt or deficiency, in all its history, on December 11th. What else could or should it do, but launch out on new lines of work to express its gratitude. This is what was voted—To increase the pastor's salary \$500. Who more deserving than Dr. Temple? To employ a salaried superintendent for its Sunday-school, paying \$100 per month. Appropriate \$400 for Sunday-school expenses, and further to maintain a missionary in India, and for information about that country, to add fifty volumes on India; to their already extensive library on missions.

Seattle, Dec., 13th.

#### The Inland Empire Letter.

The University Extension Lecture course by Professors of Whitman College delivered at the Congregational church of Pendleton, Oregon, was completed last week by a recital by Miss Edith B. Merrell. Miss Merrell proved herself an elocutionist of the first order and from beginning to end thoroughly entertained the audience. The course, considering that it was the first of that nature in the town, was a real success, and the professors will have a larger hearing when they come again.

The ladies of our church at Pendleton had a rummage sale and lunch for three days last week, which was quite successful. The pastor of this church has begun a series of Sunday evening lectures on Christianity and Social Problems.

Rev. H. W. Smith, State Superintendent of the Sunday-school Society has made a trip through portions of Eastern Oregon lately, visiting Huntington, Ontario, Pendleton, Freewater, etc. We expect him to do more progressive missionary work in this region than has been done hitherto. One of the needs of Eastern Oregon is a Sunday-school missionary to prepare the way for the organization and the development of churches.

Prof. Lyman of Whitman College is delivering a course of lectures on "Type Men of America," at Sunnyside, Washington, this week. The subjects are "Franklin, the Philosopher," "Hamilton, the Lawgiver," "Webster, the Orator," and "Lincoln, the Statesman." These lectures give evidence of careful preparation and would be to any community or town, a rare treat.

The new church at Lakeside, Chelan, Washington, is nearing completion. Constructed of solid rock, the



structure will make an impressive appearance, and as the papers say, will be "an ornament to the little bands of Christian workers who have labored so hard and faithfully to secure its completion."

The new church at Touchet, Walla Walla County, was dedicated last week. It is a beautiful church in a rich farming community, about ten miles from Walla Walla. Rev. A. R. Olds is the pastor.

The ladies of the Walla Walla church held a successful fair in the basement of the church last week, and realized a handsome sum for their trouble.

The new church at Priest River, Northern Idaho, was dedicated last week, and several new members added to the church at the same time. The church cost about \$2,000.

Rev. I. E. Whitham of Ritzville has been appointed by the trustees, financial agent of Whitman College, and has accepted the position, and will soon go to the East to collect money for the endowment.

Rev. J. B. Orr of Wallace, Idaho, is conducting services in the Methodist church of that place, and preaching effectively to large congregations.

The work at Mullan, Idaho, under the pastorate of Rev. Edmund Owens, continues in a flourishing condition. There is activity in every department of church work. The ladies of the church have recently realized \$50 from the sale of a quilt.

The church at Huntington, Oregon, has been thoroughly revived since the new pastor has begun work, the Rev. D. Leppert, who served the church before.

Good reports are also received from Ontario, under the ministry of Rev. Wm. Strange.

Superintendent Smith reports several openings for Sunday-schools in the interior.

#### Work in the Coeur d'Alenes.

An uplifting fellowship meeting was enjoyed at Wardner, November 5, 6. Superintendent Scudder and Sunday School Missionary Johnson were present and added strength and cheer. The Conference opened with an address by the Wallace pastor on "The Kind of Religion we Need." After organization, the next afternoon, reports from the laborers told of earnest definite tasks achieved for the Savior. Schools in out-of-the-way places are doing good and are constantly cared for by our missionary. This tireless servant of the children's cause has given considerable time recently to Murry. This town is 22 miles from Wallace by stage, and it had no religious services, not even a Sunday school. Brother Johnson opened a school, and some of us will conduct gospel services there soon and organize a church. The mine owners at once took interest and will aid in securing property.

The reports of Wallace, Wardner, Mullan, Kellogg, Burke, Silver King, showed aggressiveness in all places. Preaching services at all are well attended. The three pastors purchased a stereopticon and slides and will use them this winter. Brother Thayer cannot seat all the people that hear the gospel, while they are looking at these views. At Kellogg, another of his charges, a strong though small work is being done. A Halloween social cleared \$25.00. He gives two services a month at Silver King.

Rev. Edmund Owens, of Mullan, was unable, on account of the illness and death of his father, to attend the fellowship meeting. Our fellow-worker is sustained by the profound sympathy of his brother pastors, but chiefly by the presence and blessing of the

Heavenly Father, to whom the earthly has gone. A recent social in Mullan netted \$25.00. Congregations are always large, and our brother is eminently a gospel preacher. Wallace work gains slowly and surely against many obstacles. Our church sets a pace that the others are unaccustomed to, and it makes them puff to keep up. The pastor has a Shakespeare circle which attracts the teachers and young business men. Forty young people are organized to sing, and in January give the opera, "Pirates of Penzance." Congregations continue large at the evening services and men attend regularly, who were never seen at a service in Wallace.

Wallace, December 6, 1902.

#### Federation of the Denominations.

Somewhere in D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, he says that, as the sixteenth century was one of disintegration of the churches, so the nineteenth century will be one of coming together. We have never been an advocate of formal or organic union, but we have always held that the highest and most enduring union was that which represented the sub-life of all the denominations and expressed itself in a broad, generous fellowship. The federation of the denominations of Northern and Central California has taken form, and we shall seek in every possible way to sustain and promote the end it has in view. This federation is based upon such lines as in no way, we are assured, to interfere with the freest action of the denominational life. Where interests apparently conflict, this federation will mediate, but its great office is sustaining and developing a good feeling among all the denominations. The spirit of love will settle in the most effectual way all conflicting interests. It will not attempt to interfere with the working agencies of any denomination. It cannot, and, we understand, does not propose, to go beyond mere advice. Those independent churches will need to learn the lesson of patient forbearance with the connectional churches. One of the reasons the Protestant Episcopal church does not more freely affiliate with other denominations is because of the solidarity of its ministry. Methodism moves as an army under a strongly centralized leadership. The individual church and the individual pastor are always subject to the whole. This has certain general advantages and from an individual standpoint certain limitations, which our neighbors and federated denominations will not fail to take into the account at the start. We are sure they will find us brotherly, and in all things, except standing still, co-operative.—California Christian Advocate.

Mrs. U. S. Grant, at the advanced age of seventy-six, died last Sunday in her Washington home. She was in all the emergencies of her husband's illustrious life a genuine inspiration to him. Commanding the Federal army, in the White House, on his tour around the world, in his misfortunes, and in his final illness, Mrs. Grant did her part nobly and well. It will never be known just how much General Grant is indebted to her wise counsel and faithful support. It is eminently fitting that she should share the resting-place in New York of her distinguished husband.

#### Notice.

The annual meeting of the California Chinese Mission—a corporation—for hearing the annual reports and for the election of officers for the ensuing year, will be held in the Congregational Headquarters on Monday, December 22d, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Wm. C. Pond, Sec.

Better to endure Satan's buffeting than to enjoy his banqueting.



## Our Boys and Girls.

### Christmas Bells.

I heard the bells on Christmas day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day,  
A voice, a chime,  
A chant sublime,  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth  
The cannon thundered in the South,  
And with the sound  
The carols drowned  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearthstones of a continent,  
And made forlorn  
The households born  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;  
There is no peace on earth," I said;  
"For hate is strong  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;  
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!  
The wrong shall fail,  
The right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"  
—Longfellow.

### Some Christmas Customs.

Our Christmas tree we get from Germany. Perhaps the poetic idea of making spruce and fir bear fruit out of kind and season, to brighten the dullness of wintry hours, may be taken from a legend of the times of Thor and Odin; but it more probably had its origin in medieval pageantry. We have taken it from Germany, and that but recently, for sixty years ago it was a custom unknown in England.

S. T. Coleridge, in describing a visit to Germany in 1826, gives a graphic account of the Christmas-tree custom, as one of which he had never before heard, and peculiar to the German people. It came to America with the German settlers of Pennsylvania, who kept up the custom decades before the descendants of the Puritans adopted it.

The custom of gift-giving comes to us

from a legend of medieval Italy. St. Nicholas, a bishop of the church in the fourth century, inherited a large fortune, all of which he gave away in charity—dowering portionless maidens and aiding poor children. A legend, which tells how the good bishop restored to life three children that had been murdered, caused him to be regarded as the patron saint of children, and it soon came to be the custom for the elder members of the family to give little gifts of toys or sweetmeats to the little ones on the eve of St. Nicholas' day, which was December 6th. In Southern Italy this is still one of the great festivals of the year, and far more pre-eminently the children's day there than Christmas. It is easy to see how this festival, falling so near that of the Nativity, became, in most instances, to be combined with it.

Santa Claus is only St. Nicholas in Holland speech. The saint who in Italy—the home of his birth—was a man of tall and imposing presence, became, in the Douthach legend, short-legged and pot-bellied, and the necessities of the climate supplied his garments, of fur.

Hanging up the stocking was a Netherland custom also, and as this was generally suspended by the huge, open fireplace, the story that the saint made his entrance through its cavernous mouth, followed very naturally. The addition of the sleigh and the reindeer was also necessary to explain satisfactorily to the children how the saint could visit all the cities of the lowlands in the short space of a single night.

Krish Kringle is often spoken of as the German Santa Claus, but this is an error. Krish Kringle is a corruption of Christ-kindlein, or the Christ-child, and is derived from a wholly different legend, which describes the Savior in the disguise of a child bringing gifts to the little ones on the anniversary of his birth as a human infant. This legend the poetic Germans allied with their Christmas tree, and have always preferred it to the old fat Santa Claus of Holland, with his Christmas stocking and his reindeer.—Selected.

### A Christmas Visitor.

Papa, Archie and May went to the woods to get a Christmas tree, and found just what they wanted—a little pine, bushy and straight.

"There is something I must cut off," said Archie. He pointed to a little gray bunch on one of the twigs, and pulled out his knife.

"No! no!" cried May, holding his hand. "Let it stay. It is a poor little caterpillar's house."

May was right. One Indian summer day a caterpillar, dressed in brown velvet, was taking a walk in the woods. At

last he came to the little pine tree, and thought to himself, "What a nice place to spend the winter!"

So he made himself a little house. He made it very tight and close, of fine, soft thread, and fastened up the door. He did not leave himself even a window to look out. If there had been one, how it would have surprised him to see that he and his house and the pine-tree were riding in a sleigh with papa and May and Archie!

He would have been still more surprised if he had seen the tree standing in the parlor, covered with toys and trinkets and little candles.

"It must be spring at last," he thought; for it was very warm in the parlor.

So he poked a hole in the wall of his house, and out he came. But what do you think? He was not a caterpillar at all.

"Oh, see the lovely butterfly," cried May.

He flew to the tip-top bough; and the children said there was nothing else on the tree so pretty as the butterfly.

"He must have come down the chimney with Santa Claus!" said May. And she never guessed that he came out of the caterpillar's house.—The Baltimore and Richmond Christian Advocate.

### Christmas Like it Used to Be.

Christmas like it used to be!  
That's the thing would gladden me.  
Kith and kin from far and near  
Joining in the Christmas cheer.  
Oh, the laughing girls and boys!  
Oh, the feasting and the joys!  
Wouldn't it be good to see  
Christmas like it used to be?

Christmas like it used to be—  
Snow a-bending bush and tree,  
Bells a-jingling down the lane;  
Cousins John and Jim and Jane,  
Sue and Kate and all the rest  
Dressed up in their Sunday best.  
Coming to that world of glee—  
Christmas like it used to be.

Christmas like it used to be—  
Been a long, long time since we  
Wished (when Santa Claus should come),  
You a doll and I a drum,  
You a book and I a sled,  
Strong and swift and painted red—  
Oh, that day of jubilee!  
Christmas like it used to be.

Christmas like it used to be.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is still as glad and free  
And as fair and full of truth,  
To the clearer eyes of youth.  
Could we gladly glimpse it through  
Eyes our children's children do  
In their joy-time, we would see  
Christmas like it used to be.

—Nixon Waterman.



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## Letter From Santa Claus.

Christian Land, World,  
December 2, 1901.

My Dear Children:

There is so much confusion in the world today. Everybody seems in such a rush to do something more wonderful than the other somebody, and big folks, little folks, old folks and young folks, and even dear little bits of folkses, go tumbling over each other to live as fast as they can, until somehow you have become confused even about Santa Claus. Half of my little friends think such queer things about me, and the other half say I do not exist at all. So I whispered into the ear of one of my secretaries to hurry and write to you as quickly as possible so you would know in time for Christmas, there is a really truly Santa Claus.

How often I have heard you sing:

"Jolly Old St. Nicholas,  
Lean your ear this way,"

and I listened every time. Ha! ha! ha! How I love to hear the children sing. Yes, I am jolly. Making so many people happy every year is enough to make anybody jolly. Ho! ho! ho. It makes me laught to think of it. And I have made so many people happy for so many, many years, that they have made me a saint, and that is why you call me "Old Saint Nicholas."

Don't you like to hear stories about angels and good fairies and spirits? Well, I am a spirit, a great happy, jolly spirit. Most people call me the Christmas spirit. I work hard all year trying to unlock people's hearts and teach them it is more blessed to give than to receive, and then at Christmas time it keeps me busy going round from house to house—(yes, going down the chimney for I come in that way as well as the doors and windows)—

to see if everybody is making everybody else happy, and especially the children.

Nineteen hundred years ago the great Spirit who loves us all so dearly, our Heavenly Father, gave a Christmas tree to the world, and on it he gave his own Son, that all the world might be happy. It was then I was born, but you did not hear of me for a while, because it took me some time to grow. Just as soon as I had strength enough I started to make people happy, and have been doing it ever since.

I am the big fairy, the Christmas spirit, who knocks at your heart and says, "Take a dolly and some candy to the poor little girl around the corner, and a top and ball to her little brother." And on Christmas morning they dance and clap their hands and shout, "Santa Claus has been here!"

So he has, my dears, so he has! I peeped through their windows and saw how poor they were, and then came right around and told you to help them, and Christmas Eve I was down their chimney to see if everything was all right.

Have I a sleigh and eight tiny reindeer, and do I dress up in furs and have I white hair and a red nose, and—? My dears, they are the beautiful stories men love to tell about me, because they love me so. But I will tell you that far in the north I hurry the reindeer sledges across the snow with my little Esquimaux children, and oh! the horses that carry the goodies from the great cake and candy shops and toy stores, when I hurry them up at Christmas time! Do I keep big books, with all of the boys' and girls' names, and whether they are good or not? Yes, I do, my dears; yes, I do; right in my wonderful mind, and when you are good I make the papas and mammas and grandmothers and uncles and aunts and cousins love you all the more, so you enjoy the happiest of Christmases.

Do I fill the stockings? Yes, I do, with mother's hands. I am always there to see that it is done just right. Did you think you saw me down town last Christmas? Ha! ha! ha! No; that was just a man dressed up to make a picture of me, just as you see the pictures of fairies in your picture books, and you know nobody ever really saw a fairy, and nobody ever sees me, except in one place. Sometimes when mother puts her arms around you and says, "I love you so much, little boy, little girl," then you can see me shining in her eyes. But you must look very quickly or I may be gone. I have another name, the most beautiful of all. I am called "Love."

So you must all remember there is a really truly Santa Claus, a great, jolly, happy spirit—Ha! ha! ha!—who watches all the year round to see if you are making others happy, and then comes down your chimney Christmas Eve to see if your dear little self is being made happy.

Yes, there is a really truly Christmas spirit, a really truly Santa Claus. I have made the stores beautiful, and started the Christmas shopping, and if you, little boy, little girl, will help me make some other little ones happy this Christmas, then you will know away down deep in your heart that there is really and truly such a Christmas spirit as

Your loving friend, Santa Claus.  
—Philadelphia Methodist.

## Christmas is Coming.

We see the happy faces of tens of thousands of mothers and fathers, out of their plenty or out of their want, treading the streets of city and town, looking in at the windows, show-cases, boxes, of those who have to sell. We see the tens of thousands of packages slyly entering the back doors and hiding in closets, under beds, in out-of-the-way places, waiting the coming of Christmas Eve, the Christmas stocking, the Christmas tree. What a necromancer these days are! Who is not young again? Who is not tearful at the memory of faces hidden under the Christmas snows? Happy days, these Christmas days! For if there are little faces, with bright eyes, velvet cheeks, soft words in the ear over Christmas mysteries, that are out of our reach these days, we are solaced by thinking that Christmas stands for immortality—it was to reward immortality that the Christmas Babe was born. Therefore, we still are glad, even though we weep. Happy days! Christmas is coming. Trim the house; bulge the stockings; laugh with the little ones; turn back the shadow on the dial; at Christmas-tide we are all children.—Central Christian Advocate.

## A Real Santa Claus.

Santa Claus, I hang for you,  
By the mantel, stockings two;  
One for me and one to go  
To another boy I know.

There's a chimney in the town  
You have never traveled down;  
Should you chance to enter there  
You will find a room all bare;  
Not a stocking could you spy,  
Matters not how you may try;  
And the shoes, you'd find, are such  
As no boy would care for much.  
In a broken bed you'd see  
Some one just about like me,  
Dreaming of the pretty toys  
Which you bring to other boys;  
And to him a Christmas seems  
Merry only in his dreams.  
All he dreams, then, Santa Claus,  
Stuff the stocking with, because,  
When it's filled up to the brim,  
I'll be Santa Claus for him.

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in "Little Folks" Lyrics.





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LOST FLESH  
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The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; you lose. Therefore, accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

**A Generous Foe.**

In his biography of the Confederate General Forrest, just out, Captain J. Harvey Mathes gives an instance which proves once more that kindness is seldom thrown away, but is remembered even when men are engaged in the stress of conflict.

Early in 1862 Forrest attacked Murfreesboro, Tenn., capturing many Federals. To the Union officers he was unusually kind before their exchange. In June of the same year he made a raid on Franklin. An Indiana regiment, under Colonel J. B. Baird, took refuge in a fort on a near by hill. There Colonel Baird began to signal the Federal commander at Triune, fifteen miles away, for aid. The Confederate cavalryman mistook the signal for a flag of truce, and ordered his men to cease firing. Then he sent a flag forward himself, and rode toward the front. Before he had at-

tracted official attention, and when nearing a spot where he could have been picked off, a Federal rose up from behind a hedge and shouted: "General Forrest, I know you, and don't want to see you hurt. Go back! That's no flag of truce up there."—Sunday-school Visitor.

**"Known and Read."**

The other day two men were speaking of a wealthy family that had moved into a certain neighborhood. "I wonder if Mr. C. is a member of any church?" said one. "I do not know," said the other; "it is quite likely, for he comes from a line of Christian ancestry; but all I have heard so far is that he plays golf on Sunday afternoons, and has the house full of company on that day."

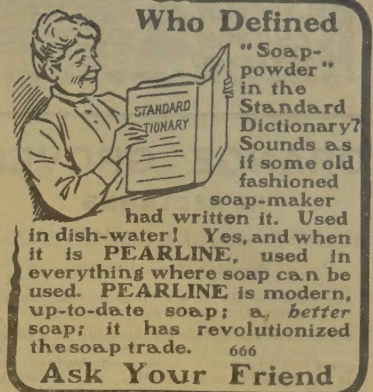
As a matter of fact, it turned out afterward that Mr. and Mrs. C. were both church members, and attended quite regularly on Sunday mornings. But this did not fix itself in the public mind in the least. What the ordinary observer noticed was the Sunday golf and the Sunday suppers. The newcomers might protest against such a label, but labeled they were as belonging to the world and not to the church. And the church did not gain, but suffered, by such membership, in the estimation of the average man or woman."

The Bible is a rock of diamonds, a chain of pearls, the sword of the Spirit, a chart by which the Christian daily sails to eternity, the map by which he daily walks, the sundial by which he sets his life, the balance in which he weighs his actions.—T. Watson.



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Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to our creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of go easy. Maybe there are other biliousness, exercise, go slow, and things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these I reckon will give you a lift.—Abraham Lincoln.

The workman who has reason to be ashamed is not the one who makes mistakes occasionally, but the one who does not try to do his best.

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## Going for Walks With God.

In his great sermon on "Enoch walked with God," Dr. G. Campbell Morgan gave the following beautiful illustration:

"A little child gave a most exquisite explanation of walking with God. She went home from Sunday-school, and the mother said, 'Tell me what you learned at school.' And she said: 'Don't you know, mother, we have been hearing about a man who used to go for walks with God. His name was Enoch. He used to go for walks with God. And, mother, one day they went for an extra long walk and they walked on and on, until God said to Enoch, 'You are a long way from home; you had better just come in and stay.' And he went.' That was true. Enoch had become so familiar with God that he just went in and stayed."

The greatest forces work very quietly. The young person who is going to amount to the most a generation hence is not the one who is making the most fuss about it now.

## Changed.

A rich lady dreamed that she went to heaven, and saw there a mansion being built. "Whom is that for?" she asked of the guide.

"For your gardener."

"But he lives in the tiniest cottage on earth, with barely room enough for his family. He might live better if he did not give away so much to the miserable poor folks."

Farther on she saw a tiny cottage being built. "And whom is that for?" she asked.

"That is for you."

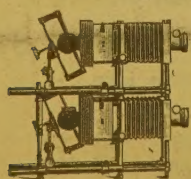
"But I have lived in a mansion on earth. I would not know how to live in a cottage."

The words she heard in reply were full of meaning. "The Master Builder is doing his best with the material that is being sent up."

Then she awoke resolving to lay up treasure in heaven.—Young Folks.

fense, and our peace is impregnable.—George Adam Smith.

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